You'll Be There

LYRIC BY
J. KEIRN BRENNAN
MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. BALL

WRITERS OF
A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN,
IRELAND IS IRELAND TO ME,
IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, Etc. Etc.

M. WITMARK & SONS
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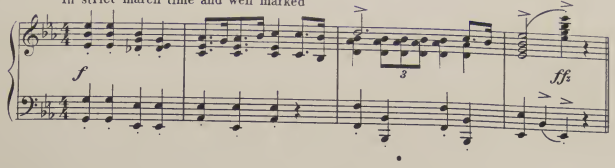
To the Boy Scouts of America

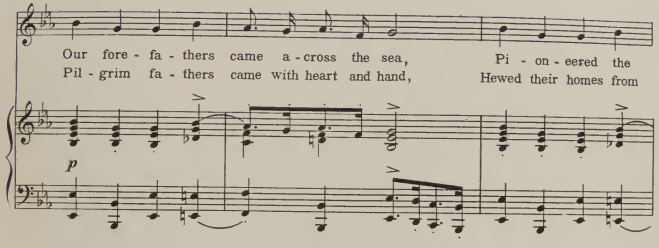
You'll Be There!

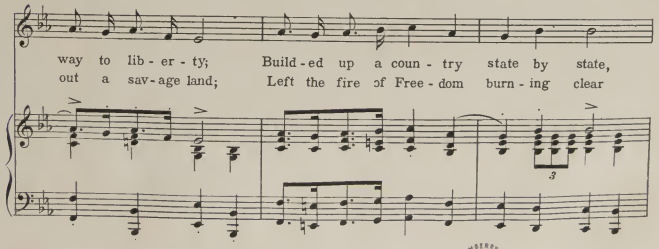
Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

In strict march time and well marked







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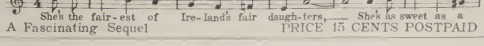
PRETTIEST IRISH BALLAD EVER WRITTEN BY THE COMPOSER OF "MOTHER MACHREE"

She's The Daughter Of Mother Machree

REFRAIN *With expression* NENARB & BALL



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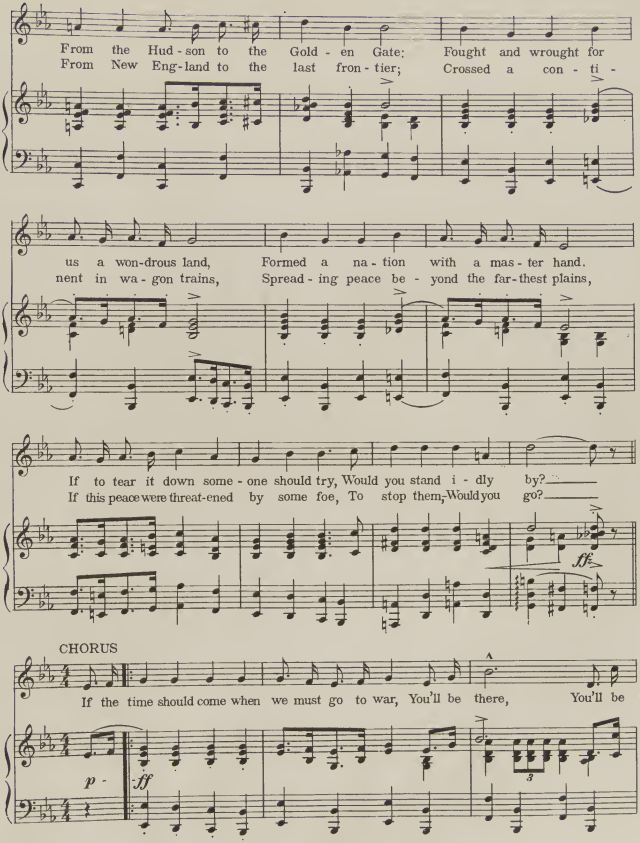
From the Hud - son to the Gold - en Gate; Fought and wrought for
From New Eng-land to the last fron - tier; Crossed a con - ti -
us a won-drous land, Formed a na - tion with a mas - ter hand.
nent in wa - gon trains, Spread - ing peace be - yond the far-thest plains,
If to tear it down some - one should try, Would you stand i - dly by?
If this peace were threat-ened by some foe, To stop them, Would you go?
ff
CHORUS
A
If the time should come when we must go to war, You'll be there, You'll be
p -
ff

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THE GREAT MARCH-MOTHER-BALLAD THE BIGGEST HIT IN YEARS

The Little Grey Mother

GROSSMAN & De COSTA

CHORUS

There's a lit - tle grey moth - er who waits all a - lone in a

All the World is Singing it PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

there! You will go just like your Dad - dy did be - fore, If they

dare, we'll pre - pare! For our race was nev - er known to run,

Should they come we'll meet them gun to gun, North and south, yes,

ev - 'ry moth-er's son, You'll be there! You'll be there! If the there!

f *ff*

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THE PRETTIEST BALLAD IN YEARS

A TUNE THAT HAUNTS

After The Roses Have Faded Away

BUCHANAN & BALL

CHORUS *With much expression*

Aft - er the ros - es have fa - ded a - way, Aft - er their splen-dor has gone

By the Composer of "Mother Machree"

PRICE 15 CENTS POSTPAID

ANOTHER WONDERFUL "BALL" BALLAD

ALREADY IN THE REPERTOIRE OF SUCH WELL KNOWN ARTISTS

as

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A Song Destined to Enjoy Longevity

Who Knows?

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Poem by PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Musical Setting by ERNEST R. BALL

Larghetto
Thou art the soul of a sum - mer's day,
mf
Con Pedale
p
Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum - mer is fled and the
rit.
rose is dead, Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?
coll'ovoce
f poco più mosso
Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my souls re - -
f poco più mosso
dim

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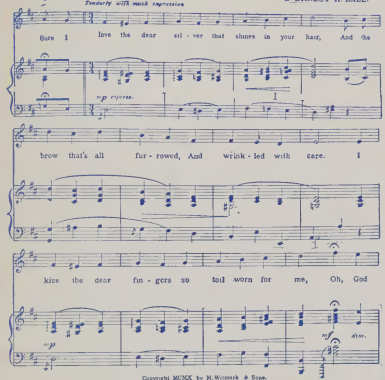
BEAUTIFUL IRISH BALLADS

THAT ARE BEING SUNG BY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

THEY SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG. Music by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & ERNEST R. BALL.


Tenderly with much expression
Sure I love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the
mp cresc.
brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrink - led with care. I
kiss the dear fin - gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God
mf dim.
mp

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—B♭, (B♭ TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—B♭ AND F

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by J. KEIRN BRENNAN. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day, And
a tempo
p
nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way, And
retard
when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, They
a tempo

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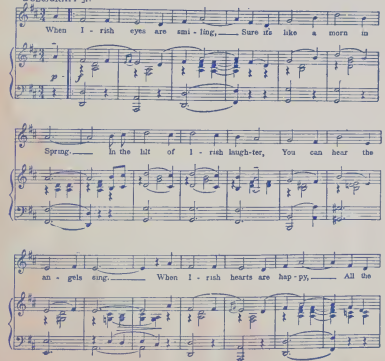
SOLO, THREE KEYS:—A♭, (C TO F) B♭ AND C

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyric by CHAUNCEY OLCOTT & GEO. GRAFF Jr. Music by ERNEST R. BALL.


When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, Sure it's like a morn in
p
Spring, In the lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, You can hear the
an - gels sing, When I - rish hearts are hap - py, All the

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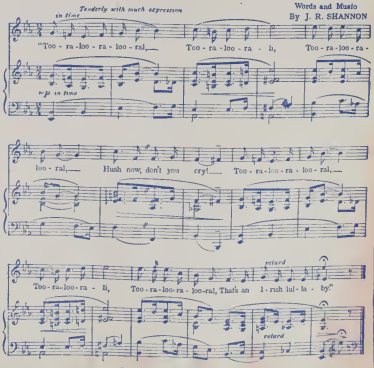
SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO F) D AND F

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral
THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Words and Music By J. R. SHANNON


Tenderly with much expression
in time
"Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, Too - ra - loo - ra - li, Too - ra - loo - ra -
mp in time
loo - ral, Hush now, don't you cry! Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral,
retard
Too - ra - loo - ra - li, Too - ra - loo - ra - loo - ral, That's an I - rish lul - la - by"
retard

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO C) E♭ AND F

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